**On** the quay at Antwerp, an endless procession of old horses, obviously going to the slaughtei house; and as if in the normal course of events.

"What a *hecatacomb* they're going to make!" exclaims little Gerard,

He also says *warf* and woof, and so on.

His mother, moreover, says: *pccunary, cqualimity, re-numerate,*

etc.; and since her husband never corrects anyone. . . . Besides, she does not accept being corrected,

It is very adroit to persuade yourself that what bores you educates you.

There is plenty of claptrap in this. And that's what seems to me abominable. Racine is good enough to get along without being played up to the audience. Sardou isn't. The habit of playing mediocre dramatists makes the actor see his contribution as too important. He therefore uses the same artifice in presenting Racine's pure gold as in foisting upon us Sardou's tin-plate.

During the first two acts I was sobbing; T didn't think I could see it through, so great was my emotion. I thought I was admiring Sarah;[20] but I was especially admiring Racine; and there was no mistake about it in the following acts, I couldn't sec it through, in fact, but because of my annoyance. As long as she remained in the tone of the first two acts, I was aware only of Racine. But with the beginning of the third there was nothing but Sarah. At the fourth I left. Plastically she was marvelous. And just as she is, despite all her shortcomings, she remains unique, incomparable. What she should have had is a Sardou with the qualities of a Racine; and an intelligent public that would not applaud her when she is at her worst.

*Sunday*

. . . I have in my body and mind all I need to be, and to keep from

being, a "great man/* If I only knew how to deceive myself. . • , But I am still looking for maxims. What shall I become at CuvervifleP

* , . And with that self-esteem which I had painfully acquired through pride, I was fed up and disgusted. I strained my ingenuity to lose it, and this was not hard. Acquisitions are worth amassing only for the sake of spending them easily later on. I gave myself up therefore to debauch; and indeed it did not displease me to introduce a bit of system into it; I mean to work hard at it. I envied , who got nothing but pleasure from it; I also gave myself a lot of trouble,

[80] Sarah Bernhardt.